

ON THE
DARK DAY

MAY 19th 1780.

LET us adore, and bow before
The sovereign Lord of might,
Who turns away the shining day,
Into the shades of night.
All nature stands, when he commands,
Or changes in its course ;
His mighty hand rules sea and land —
He is the Lord of Hosts.
Nineteenth of May, a gloomy day,
When darkness veil'd the sky ;
The sun's decline may be a sign
Some great event is nigh.
Let us remark, how black and dark,
Was the ensuing night ;
And for a time the moon's decline,
Which did not give her light.
Can mortal man this wonder scan ?
Or tell a second cause ?
Did not our GOD then shake his rod,
And check strong nature's laws ?
What great event, next will be sent
Upon this guilty land ?
He only knows, who can dispose
All things at his command.
Our wickedness, we must confess,
Is terrible and great ;
Sin is the thing that we should shun,
The thing GOD's soul doth hate
Our mighty sins, GOD's judgement brings
But still we harden'd grow ;
Then judgments great may not abate,
Until our overthrow.
How sin abounds in all our towns,
Now in these gospel days ;
How vice prevails and virtue fails,
And godliness decays !
If we reflect, can we expect,
According to our doing —
But that we are, as we may fear,
Just on the brink of ruin.
Awake, awake, your sins forsake,
And that immediately ;
If we don't turn, his wrath will burn,
To all eternity.

This is the day, that sinners may
Repent, and turn to GOD ;
If they delay and wont obey,
Then they must feel his rod.
How good and kind, would sinners find
Their great Redeemer now ;
If they'd awake, their sins forsake,
And to his sceptre bow.
The gospel's call, is unto all —
Repent, why will you die ?
Why will you go to endless woe,
And pass my mercy by ?
Come unto me, JESUS doth say,
All ye that weary are ;
Ye shall find rest, you shall be blest ;
For so his words declare.
If after all, his gracious call,
You utterly refuse ;
And stop your ear, and will not hear,
But your own ruin chuse.
Mercy abuse, and grace refuse,
Justice then takes the throne !
And in some hour Almighty Power
Will make his vengeance known
O dreadful state, when 'tis too late,
For sinners to return ;
When life and breath are lost in death,
The soul in flames must burn.
What mortal power, what human pen,
The terrors can declare,
That sinners are in hell who shall
Those dreadful torments bear ?
Eternity, eternity !
Behold there is no end ;
Where sinners lie, and wretches die,
Who into hell descend.
And now let all, who hear this call,
And saw the day so dark,
Make haste away without delay,
And get into the ark.
Then safe shall he forever be,
That doth to JESUS come,
He need not fear though death be near,
For heaven is his home.